

## The Daily Press.



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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1910.

## ROOSEVELT TO SPEAK IN THE NINTH DISTRICT.

At the beginning of the campaign in the Ninth district it was announced that Speaker Cannon and Mr. Roosevelt would come to Virginia to take the stump in behalf of Congressman Slemm. At that time "Uncle Joe's" power, while on the wane, was still a thing to be reckoned with. The old man still had the approval of President Taft and many people supposed that he would be a factor to be considered in the next house of representatives. But now the speaker is classed as an undesirable citizen even by the administration, and Republican congressmen seeking re-election are not in a hurry to have his name linked with theirs. Consequently we have heard nothing recently about Mr. Cannon coming to the Ninth. He probably will not come, for voters the country over are not taking kindly just now to the Illinois veteran and what he represents.

But it is definitely stated that Mr. Roosevelt, fresh from the victory at Saratoga which made him supreme boss of the Republican party in New York, will speak in the Ninth in the near future. The colonel, who has been going about the country denouncing the crook in public life and leading the people to believe that he regards Cannon, Aldrich, Ballinger and others as such crooks, is coming to Virginia to lend a helping hand to Congressman Slemm, who prided himself during the last session of congress upon being a consistent "regular." Mr. Slemm voted at every turn with the "stand-patters"; he helped make the Payne-Albright bill what it is and is the leaders he followed so blindly had been given the way "without any check whatever the measure would have been worse than it is.

The colonel no doubt will be able to deliver himself of a rip-roaring speech or two for the Virginia Republican congressmen. A little thing like Mr. Slemm's record as a reactionary and tool of representatives of the special interests will not handicap him in the least. For the colonel is the most consistently inconsistent public personage this country ever has produced. If political expediency demanded it he would make a speech for Ballinger today and another for Pinchet tomorrow. And the worst of it is that there are people in the country gullible enough to allow themselves to be influenced by either speech they might happen to hear.

## CAMPAIGN CANNOT BEGIN TOO SOON.

The Itanville Register, upon being referred to by one or two of the other State papers as the champion of the fee system, emphatically denies the accusation, but at the same time insists that the clamor against the system is premature. The Register contends that there is no necessity for discussing the matter at this time, and that such discussion is liable to distract the attention of the people from other and more important questions.

This paper believes that there is no matter before the people of Virginia today of greater importance than the question of whether or not the fee system of compensating public officials shall be abolished. We regard this system as a positive and serious evil that should have been rooted out long ago.

Believing this, The Daily Press

thinks that a campaign against the system cannot be started too soon or waged too vigorously. The evils of the system—and they are many—should be laid before the public now, and again and again, if necessary, between now and the next legislative campaign. The voters ought to know the facts so that they may demand of every candidate for the senate or house of delegates that he pledge himself to work and vote for the abolition of the system. Otherwise nothing will be accomplished. The beneficiaries of the system are powerful political factors in their respective counties and cities. And the men who are receiving from two to five times what they are worth in public positions will bring all the influence at their command to bear to prevent their offices from being put upon a legitimate salary basis.

## PROHIBITION THAT DOES NOT PROHIBIT.

In a communication to the New York Times recently, Secretary Fox of the United Brewers Association gave some statistics that ought to cause thoughtful prohibitionists to wonder whether or not they are on the wrong track. Among other things Mr. Fox said:

Both the beer sales and the census returns are exceeding the estimates. The preliminary estimate of the total population of the continental United States was 90,000,000, an increase of 18.4 per cent. From present indications it now seems possible that the total may prove to be 92,000,000, which would show an increase of 22.6 per cent in the population since the 1900 census was taken. The beer sales for the current fiscal year, which ended June 30, 1910, were 59,485,117 barrels of 31 gallons each, as compared with 58,330,848 in 1909. The beer consumption has therefore increased 51.2 per cent since 1909, while the population has only increased 22.6 per cent.

The production of distilled spirits has also increased in a similar manner. The distillers paid the revenue tax on 154,572,010 gallons of spirits during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1910, as compared with 93,301,827 gallons in 1909, being an increase of 44.9 per cent.

Since the greater part of the prohibition territory in the United States has "gone dry" since 1900, it is indeed remarkable that during the ten years that have passed since 1900 the consumption of beer should have increased 51.2 per cent while the population was increasing 22.6. Prohibition surely seems to have failed to prohibit.

## Life Saving on Conditions.

A treatise on "how to be kind, but cautious," might be written by a young man who played the part of good Samaritan in the One Hundred and Third street subway station. Another woman had fainted. What she needed to bring her to life in a hurry was smelling salts, but nobody had smelling salts.

"I think she has a vasodilator of her own in that bag," said the Samaritan, "but in the absence of a policeman I am afraid to open it to find out."

Something that looked like a small bottle could be discerned through the meshes of the chain bag, and the crowd, valiantly snuffing responsibility, said, "Go ahead and open it!"

"On one condition," I will," said the Samaritan. "I want three bystanders to watch me and sign a written statement that I have taken nothing from the bag but the vasodilator. I know this town too well to take any chances on being accused of theft."

The oath was drawn up in a fifty-three signatures were appended, the Samaritan opened the bag, found the vasodilator and proceeded with restoration measures.—New York Times.

**The Real "Sherlock Holmes."**  
It was a well known Edinburgh professor of medicine who, all unconsciously, gave Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the idea of "Sherlock Holmes," the most famous detective known in fiction. Sir Arthur studied under him as a medical student.  
"Gentlemen," this professor would say to the students, "I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork cutter or a slater. I observe a slight banding on one side of his forehead and a little thickening on one side of his thumb, and that is a sure sign that he is one or the other." Or to a patient he would say, "You are a soldier, and you have served in Bermuda as a non-commissioned officer," and then, turning to the students, he would point out that the man came into the room without taking off his hat, as he would enter an orderly room; that his manner showed that he was a non-commissioned officer and that a rash he had on his forehead was known only in Bermuda.

**Consistent Mrs. Biggie.**  
Della—Mrs. Biggie is passionately fond of cream, isn't she?  
Stella—Oh, my, yes. She's such a crank on cream she's going to have her husband cremated.—Boston Herald.

**Identity Doubtful.**  
"I don't see anything precocious about him—he doesn't seem to know his own name."  
"Well, you see his father and mother have been through the Reno mill several times."—Houston Post.

## His One Mistake

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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"Do you wish to see any one here?"  
"Savin' yer prudence, O' come to get a squint at the ex-president."

"Why do you wish to see the ex-president?"  
"Because every one wants to see 'im, to be sure—because he's the greatest man on earth."

"Isn't he the friend of the workin' man, besides countin' among his acquaintances the crowned heads of Europe?"

A sturdy gentleman in glasses snuffed. "Pat," he said, "you are right in placing the ex-president's friendship for the workin' man ahead of his acquaintance with the crowned heads. Come with me. I'll show you around the ex-president's place, and perhaps you may get a sight of him."

Pat accepted the invitation, and the two strolled about the grounds.  
"O'f'm wonderin'," said Pat, "where he keeps the wild animals he brought from Africa."

"He didn't bring any wild animals alive from Africa. He brought their skins. They are to be stuffed for different museums. But tell me more about why you admire him."

"Well, O'f'm thinkin'," Pat replied, scratching his head, "that—that, as I told ye, he's the friend of the workin' man, and O'f'm like him because he don't 'mould tellin' thim fornyers what he thinks of 'em. But he made me mistake in talkin' to the Britishers."

"What's that?"  
"He told 'em to get out o' Egypt. It would 'a' been all right if he'd made it O'f'mland."

The gentleman smiled.  
"What's the rale o' them Egyptian nagers anyway? And O'f'm hearin' their country's nothin' but sand and hot enough to roast eggs in, savin' the spalpeens haven't got the eggs. But O'f'mland! The beautiful land that it is, and the some population of elegant men and women. And them havin' the feet o' England on their necks. If the ex-president had said, 'Alther govern O'f'mland right or git out. It 'ud 'a' been like sayin' 'git out o' O'f'mland,' 'cause an Englishman can't govern any one but nagers."

"You've a good head on you, Pat," said the gentleman. "What other fault have you to find with the ex-president?"  
"Well, sor, I was lookin' while he was in the White House for 'em to take off the duty on tay. Tay's a foine drink, and the only people that gits it free are the Chaney nagers."

"But the president doesn't put the duty on tea; congress does that, and the president has no power to take it off."

Pat thought a moment, then said:  
"Thin what's the use o' makin' such a fuss at electin' 'em?"  
"Tell me some more faults of the ex-president."

"Well, sor, O'f'm thinkin' he wasn't born in the right country."

"What country should he have been born in?"

"O'f'mland. O'f'm never think of 'im but O'f'm in the mind a beautiful picture of 'im at an O'f'm fair, brandishin' a shillalah over his head, jumpin' up and 'crackin' his heels together, swearin' 'im he kin whip the biggest man in the crowd. He's mighty—what d'ye call it—strenuous—that's the word, strenuous."

"Another way I like to pictur' 'im is stirrin' up all them kings, tellin' the spalpeens how to govern their people just like an American president 'ud do it. O'f'm see 'im if he had the power jumpin' around among 'em, knockin' off their crowns and givin' the poor devils they've oppressed a chance to live in their palaces awhile."

The gentleman led the way to the house on the top of the hill and motioned Pat to go in. "I'll introduce you to the ex-president," he said.

But Pat demurred.  
"It isn't for the likes o' me in these dirty clothes to go into the house of the great man. Besides, I don't need an introduction."

"You don't?"  
"No, I've been talkin' to 'im."  
"How did you know me?"

"By the windy glass over yer ois and yer beautiful white teeth I seen in the newspaper pictures."

"Good for you! You Irish are a clever race!"  
"How do you make that out?"

"Well, sor, when I seen y' walkin' about here, the cock o' the walk, I had enough pictur' of ye in me mind to cover the ceilin' of a church. It was no credit to me to know ye. But didn't ye call me by me name without ever havin' seen even a photograph o' me? Ye called me Pat at once. Now, O'f'm wonder, sor, if ye kin guess me ole woman's name?"

"Bridget."

"Right ye are! Only man as smart as ye should be elected president for loife."

"Tell me, Pat, did you come in here from curiosity, or had you a purpose?"

"A purpose is it? An' yer askin' me me purpose? Had ye a purpose when ye was president in not rememberin' the office saykers?"

"I couldn't remember them all, Pat."

"Well, sor, I had a purpose in comin' in here. It was to tell ye ye made a mistake in tellin' 'em to git out o' Egypt instead o' O'f'mland."

Pat had another, an inferior purpose; he wanted something to buy "tay" with, and he got it.

## HOW TO LEAD UP TO IT.

Three Examples for the Family Who May Need Either of Them.

**Example 1.**—Why, how are you, Mrs. Delaney? This is quite a surprise. How well you are looking! I heard a few days ago that you had come back to town. I've been intending to take a spin down and call on you. You didn't! Yes, about a week. I want you to see it. It's a beauty.

**Example 2.**—Oh, how are you, Mrs. Todwilder? Isn't it strange that we should meet at a gallery exhibit? How are you enjoying the pictures? Don't you think the artist is a wonderful delineator of character? There is one down there at the end of the hall I want to show you. It is of a girl stepping out of a carriage. Some artists would have made it an automobile. That's what I told my husband the day he came through here with me. And he said he wouldn't blame the artist if he had seen ours—he's that proud of it. Oh, didn't you know that we had a new car? Yes, about ten days. Don't you like this character study of the poor old man selling newspapers?

**Example 3.**—Is that you, Mrs. McClain? I just called up to ask if you had heard about the special sale of chiffons they are having at McKupp's. You hadn't! Well, everything's very reasonable, and the colors are grand. Come with me and we'll go down to get some. Oh, I've just thought of it. I'll come around and take you in our new car. Oh, hadn't I told you? Almost a week. I know you'll love it. At 2, then. Goodbye. Don't mention it—delighted to have you go!—Homer Croy in Puck.

**Too Kind.**  
"Can you tell me," said the cool looking young lady in white, confidentially approaching the young man at the soda fountain, "the most agreeable way to take castor oil?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied the man, his eyes brightening. "And while you are waiting," he added, "won't you have a glass of soda?"

"Oh, thank you," said the young lady as he set it down before her. The day being hot, in a few moments she had drained the glass.

"Is the prescription ready?" she asked sweetly, wiping her mouth.

The young man's eyes gleamed with benevolence. "The prescription," he said, tapping the glass, "was in here."

"Do you mean to say I've drunk it?" she screamed. "But it wasn't for me; it was for my little brother!" And she swept from the drug store.

"It's too bad," sighed the young man, "and she was one of our best customers!"

But she isn't any more. Daily the soda fountain young man watches her enter the drug store across the way, where they look before they leap.—Washington Post.

**Conclusive.**  
Sultor—Sir, I wish to marry your daughter.

Pater—Take my advice, boy—don't. Sultor—But why?

Pater—I've just found signs of insanity in her.

Sultor—Heavens! What makes you suspect it?

Pater—She says she wants to marry you.—Cleveland Leader.

**A Prosaic Fellow.**  
"You can get an armful of daisies for a dime," pointed out the optimist, "and just look at their bright, merry little faces."

"What do I want with an armful of daisies?" growled the pessimist. "I'd rather have a cheese sandwich."—New York Journal.

**A Wise Precaution.**  
"Mr. Grimes," said the rector to the vestrymen, "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning."

"Indeed?"  
"Yes, I'm going to preach on the subject of economy."—Stray Stories.

**Cautious.**  
"Your wife boasts that you called on her every night for six months before you married her."

"Yes, in that way I escaped the necessity of writing any love letters."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Same Sensation.**  
"Once I was hard pressed by wolves. It's a terrible sensation."

"I know how it feels. I used to open the dining room doors at a summer hotel."—Kansas City Journal.

**A Compromise.**  
"Well, sor, when I seen y' walkin' about here, the cock o' the walk, I had enough pictur' of ye in me mind to cover the ceilin' of a church. It was no credit to me to know ye. But didn't ye call me by me name without ever havin' seen even a photograph o' me? Ye called me Pat at once. Now, O'f'm wonder, sor, if ye kin guess me ole woman's name?"

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**Aero Advice.**  
Birds of a feather flock together.  
Whether the fair or stormy weather,  
But birds of the kind  
That man designed  
From the very start  
Better keep apart  
And not get too close together.  
—Boston Herald.

## How Antitoxins Are Made

(Continued from Ninth Page.)

sympy juice. In this lies the cure for anthrax (that otherwise always fatal disease) the cure for diphtheria, the preventive of bubonic plague, or of typhoid fever, etc.

**The Finished Product.**  
The antitoxins themselves are actually finished up in the big Pasteur Institute in Paris. The curative elements are isolated and preserved in glycerine solutions after the primitive serum has been heated to a very high temperature to prevent further coagulation, and some highly technical chemical changes. Also a preservative, usually a slight trace of conserving acid, is added, and the finished product is hermetically sealed in the tubes, which are already becoming familiar to the public.

These are the steps in the production of antitoxins that can be readily explained to the unprofessional reader. During each of them a multitude of highly complicated and marvelous processes occur. Perhaps no man in the world knows more about these difficult scientific problems than Dr. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute. He is recognized all over the world as one of the few great masters of the production of antitoxins, and has an able assistant in Professor Roux, who has direct personal charge of the laboratory work in Pasteur Institute.

The laboratories in Paris and the antitoxin horses at Vincennes-L'Etranc produce practically all of the antitoxins used outside of the United States. The Pasteur antitoxin establishment is working on two more serums, which are announced as even more remarkable than the nine now produced. Whatever the final outcome, the interest of the place cannot be gainsaid, and as a center of medical achievement it is not surpassed in the entire world today.

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**Southbound.**  
Lv. N. Y., B. & O. Ry. .... 11:50 a. m.  
Lv. Phila., B. & O. Ry. .... 2:17 p. m.  
Ar. Wash., B. & O. Ry. .... 5:20 p. m.

**Northbound.**  
Lv. Portsmouth ..... 5:00 p. m.  
Lv. Norfolk ..... 6:00 p. m.  
Lv. Old Point ..... 7:00 p. m.  
Ar. Washington ..... 7:00 a. m.

**Southbound.**  
Lv. Wash., B. & O. Ry. .... 9:00 a. m.  
Ar. Phila., B. & O. Ry. .... 11:50 a. m.  
Ar. N. Y., B. & O. Ry. .... 2:10 p. m.

**Southbound.**  
Lv. Wash., Penn. Ry. .... 7:30 a. m.  
Ar. N. Y., Penn. Ry. .... 1:15 p. m.

**Southbound.**  
Lv. Wash., Penn. Ry. .... 8:00 a. m.  
Ar. N. Y., Penn. Ry. .... 10:40 a. m.

**Southbound.**  
Lv. N. Y., B. & O. Ry. .... 11:50 a. m.  
Lv. Phila., B. & O. Ry. .... 2:17 p. m.  
Ar. Wash., B. & O. Ry. .... 5:20 p. m.

**Southbound.**  
Lv. N. Y., Penn. Ry. .... 12:55 p. m.  
Ar. Wash., Penn. Ry. .... 6:16 p. m.  
Ar. Wash., Penn. Ry. .... 6:22 p. m.

**Southbound.**  
Lv. Phila., Penn. Ry. .... 3:20 p. m.  
Ar. Wash., Penn. Ry. .... 6:22 p. m.

**Southbound.**  
Lv. Washington ..... 6:45 p. m.  
Ar. Old Point Comfort ..... 7:00 a. m.  
Ar. Norfolk ..... 8:00 a. m.

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